The JUDER

Vol. CLXIV. No. 2139

Bystander



JUST YOU TRY JOHN MESON Not a drop is sold till it's 7 years old

McVITIE & PRICE

Biscuits of Highest Quality

LAGONDA

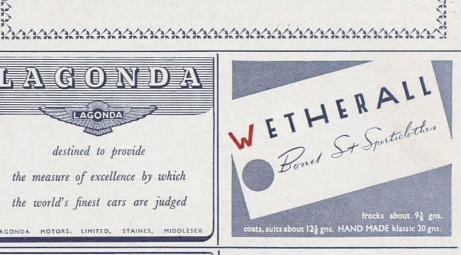


destined to provide

the measure of excellence by which

the world's finest cars are judged

LAGONDA MOTORS, LIMITED, STAINES, MIDDLESEX





FOR REMEMBRANCE OR FOR THE
INTERMENT OF ASHES

YOUR OWN PRIVATE GARDEN

MAINTAINED FOR EVER
(ADJOINING THE CHURCH OF GRAY'S ELEGY)

Pictorial Booklet:
CHURCH COTTAGE, STOKE POGES, BUCKS. (Tel.: Farnham Common 325)



HEAR Better with 'ARDENTE'



for FREE TEST

The DEAF WORLD'S EARS

COME AND HEAR HOW!

You too can enjoy the world of sound—at Church, Home, Business, Socially, in the war effort, and for your personal safety. Still obtainable—but restricted.

Mr. R. H. DENT, M.Inst.P.I., ARDENTE Ltd. 309 OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.I Phones: MAYfair 1380-1718-0947

Have no equal



Healthful and Invigorating

ASK FOR THEM BY NAME_

godmother savings groups

says Mrs. Venning, of Crouch House, Rickmansworth, Herts.

TOOK on the organisation of War Savings Groups for the town nearly three years ago"-Mrs. Venning, busy wife of a Rickmansworth doctor, is crisp and confident in telling of her splendid work for National Savings.

"It's gone like clockwork—no notice if I'm even five minutes squabbles, steadily mounting late. At half the doors I go to, totals. Oh, yes, I had helpers, lots of them. At the beginning I used to supply them all with stamps and deal with the money that came in, but whenever takings grew to about £4 a week (and it's amazing how soon and how often that happened) then I got them to run their own Street Groups.

"And I must say I'm proud of those groups. There's Miss Davidson at the garage - she started with about 30s, a week, and before long she was collecting eight or nine pounds. Another collector brought her totals up from a pound or so to f.8. My own weekly round brings in about £,10 -ten times what it did to begin with. Encouraging, isn't it?

"Clockwork, I said-I really think that's the secret of success. I make my calls the same morning each week, the same hour each morning. People look for me,

I walk right in and find the books and the money ready. I lick the stamps, stick them in the book, and put it back in its special place, under the tablecloth or behind the wireless. Of course, you have to be known to be able to do this-that's why I make a point of making friends with all my 'clients.' And I've only missed two Monday mornings in nearly three years.

"For special drives, like War Weapons or Warship Weeks, I try to get people to double their contributions, and they always do their best. But it's the regular savings that count - and I'm proud to feel that we're 'regulars' here in Rickmansworth."

TO GROUP SECRETARIES

Give us your Savings Story-not necessarily for publicationin case it may help others. Write to Room 704, The National Savings Committee, 18, Gt. Smith Street,



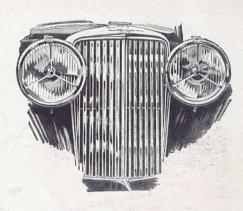
YOU for instance? Get in touch with your

local War Savings Secretary to-day-get his

name and address from the nearest Post Office

Issued by the National Savings Committee.

Jaguar (



"I have owned three Jaguars, two 21-litres and my present 3½-litre. She has done 76,000 miles, and the engine is as silent as when new. Although decarbonised only four times, she still does 90 m.p.h., 18 m.p.g., and 1,000 m.p.g. of oil. I could not wish for a better car."

April, 1942

From Mr. R. B. Pullin, Brentford



S.S. CARS LIMITED, COVENTRY



"Simpsons, I bet!"

Two minds with but a single thought! But, of course, it's unmistakable—that master-touch of a Simpson uniform. And there's something more behind these smiles. The promptness with which the uniform is fitted, thanks to Simpsons ready-to-wear service. The convenience, wherever you're posted, thanks to a great organisation of four hundred selected agents, each with expert

fitters long-experienced in handling Simpson clothes. Finally, the satisfaction in having spent your money wisely and well. For uniforms and full equipment for H.M. Forces and

Women's Services-Simpsons.

OVER 400 SIMPSON AGENTS & SIMPSON 202 PICCADILLY LONDON W.

THE TATLER

LONDON JUNE 24, 1942

and BYSTANDER

Price:
One Shilling and Sixpence
Vol. CLXIV. No. 2139

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 11d.



Lady Derby is Congratulated by The King

In the absence of the Earl of Derby who was unfortunately prevented from seeing Watling Street's dramatic Derby win at Newmarket, the Countess of Derby received His Majesty's congratulations on her husband's success. The King must have shared in the general disappointment that Big Game had not succeeded in establishing a Royal classic double which would have been a record in the annals of racing. Nevertheless, Watling Street, brilliantly ridden by Harry Wragg, was a popular win, particularly when it became known that Lady Derby had said the good news would be a tremendous tonic for her husband. Lord Derby is one of the most popular of all well known racing personalities. This is his third Derby success and one of fifteen classic victories. Lady Derby, who married the present Earl in 1889, was formerly Lady Alice Montagu, daughter of the Seventh Duke of Manchester



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

New Pact Gives Confidence

THERE can be no mistaking the enthusiastic character of the world-wide welcome accorded to the Anglo-Soviet Allianceexcept of course in the Axis countries. From all quarters this pledge between the two great nations, standing on the eastern and western flanks of Europe, to work together in war and afterwards for European reconstruction, has been regarded as a guarantee removing any doubts and misgivings of the past. Perhaps most notable has been the genuine and generous nature of the tributes paid by General Sikorski and the Polish National Council. The Polish Government had for long been apprehensive lest in post-war Europe Poland should be reconstituted with diminished status and shrunken territories. But M. Stalin has himself pledged General Sikorski that Russia wishes to see a powerful state in Central Europe. That, too, is Britain's desire, and the Anglo-Soviet Treaty ensures that those principles will be respected when the time comes to rebuild Europe after the defeat of Germany and her associates.

Prussia for the Poles

I would serve no useful purpose to open up a public discussion at the present time on the lines upon which the United Nations, in postwar conference, will seek to establish a new system of freedom and security for the peoples. That, in due course, they will be in a position to impose their plan there can now be no doubt. No nation seriously expecting to remain the controller of Europe would be indulging in the orgies of terrorism and oppression to which the Germans have now abandoned themselves. The infamous story of Lidice has horrified the world. But during the past nearly three years there have been many such infamies, and the worst have been

suffered, largely in silence, by the Poles. In 1939 it was the existence of the Corridor, giving Poland her sole small access to the Baltic Sea by separating East Prussia from the rest of the Reich, which was used by Hitler as an excuse for making war on Poland. Whatever frontier adjustments in Europe may be attempted by the United Nations, I am satisfied that one of the 1919 experiments will not be repeated; and that is the Polish Corridor. Much more likely that such German population as will survive in East Prussia should be transferred to other parts of Germany, and Poland have restored to her all the Baltic seaboard from Memel to Gdynia on such a basis.

Two Grand Stands

It certainly appears that the Russian people themselves are encouraged and inspired to further great efforts by the new assurance of full aid from Britain and the United States. They now fully understand and warmly appreciate the acts of courage and endurance being performed week in, week out, by British merchant seamen and their escorting warships. who ply through the narrow channel between the Arctic ice-floes and Norway's northern coasts, from which they are heavily harassed twenty-four hours a day by bombers and submarines based all along those shores. Russia's own defence of Sevastopol, against tremendous enemy superiority of men and metal, ranks fittingly with the epic of our own defence in Malta. As I write it seems impossible that Sevastopol can be held indefinitely against such odds, but we ourselves never believed that we should be able to hold Malta once Italy came into the war. Yet Malta still stands, and it is the Germans themselves who are sounding the note of doubt on their own ability to complete their occupation of the Crimea.

As the new Commander-in-Chief, Viscount Gort, V.C., must have been relieved when a considerable portion of the convoy which was bringing him supplies of all kinds last week fought its way so splendidly through a most determined Italo-German attempt to destroy it completely. Malta's expenditure in antiaircraft ammunition alone is necessarily formidable at such a rate of fire. It is obvious. too, that new A.A. guns must frequently be brought to the service of the defenders. Aircraft, also, landing on hastily repaired flying fields, are liable to a high rate of damage. But some of what is sent to the defenders must inevitably be lost en route. Enough has been getting through, however, to enable the island to carry out its vital functions. Its existence has been a constant curse to Rommel's trans-Mediterranean supply line.

Problem of Tobruk

MILITARY commentators are speculating whether General Auchinleck will decide to repeat the experiment of holding on to Tobruk under the same conditions as existed during many months in the previous phase of the Battle of Libya. The defenders there showed that resolute men could hold this strong point and constitute themselves a standing menace to the enemy's left flank. But to maintain Tobruk supplied with munitions and victuals placed a great strain and responsibility on the Royal Navy. It was, in fact, a costly business. Whatever decision is taken, one must hope that it will be based exclusively on military, and not at all on political, considerations.

Because we were once again too hasty in our jubilation over the first failure of Rommel's latest attack, there will inevitably be revived discussion on the relative competence of British and German generals. This seems to me a somewhat profitless pursuit, and one not calculated to encourage the troops, who have evidently been fighting with great gallantry, and with such technical skill in this new type of warfare as they have been able to acquire.

Test Ground for Tanks

The plain fact is that the Libyan desert has become the greatest experimental ground in the tactical handling of troops ever yet seen. Each side is trying out new devices which sometimes succeed and other times fail.



Polish Decorations For R.A.F. Officers

R.A.F. officers of high rank were recently decorated with the Polish Order of Polonia Restituta by the Polish President, M. Raczkiewicz, at his headquarters in London. He is seen above (on the left) with Air Vice-Marshal R. D. Oxland, Air Vice-Marshal T. L. Leigh-Mallory and Air Marshal Sir Sholto Douglas, who became Knight Commanders of the order. On the right is General Sikorski, who was present at the ceremony



Flagselling For the Merchant Navy

Three Greek flagsellers for the flag day in aid of the Merchant Navy were Mlle Tsouderos, daughter of the Greek Prime Minister, Lady Crosfield and Princess Alexandra of Greece. The Princess is the daughter of the late King Alexander of the Hellenes and Princess Aspasia, and her unofficial engagement to King Peter of Yugoslavia was recently reported. Lady Crosfield is the widow of the late Sir Arthur Crosfield, and comes of a Greek family claiming its descent from Homer

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization. A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.	

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization. A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.	

The Blondes Have It

Two of London's Current Successes

Bob Hope and Madeleine Carroll are the two stars of Paramount's latest picture My Favourite Blonde. The screen play was written by Don Hartman and Frank Butler who wrote Zanzibar and Singapore and directed by Sidney Lanfield who made The Lady Has Plans. It is the story of a British secret agent (Madeleine Carroll) and her adventures in delivering a microscopically engraved cipher code to a Californian aircraft company. To escape Nazi agents she attaches herself to a vaude-ville actor (Bob Hope) who is heading for Hollywood with Percy, his pet penguin. It is Percy who saves the day on more than one occasion for both Madeleine and Bob, and finally after many hilarious and spectacular escapes, the Nazi agents are disposed of and the code safely delivered



The British Secret Agent Vamps the Bewildered Showman (Bob Hope and Madeleine Carroll)

Cherry Malotte and Two of Her Admirers (Randolph Scott, Marlene Dietrich and John Wayne)



Marlene Dietrich's latest picture The Spoilers is based on Rex Beach's novel about the gold miners of Nome, Alaska, in the bad old days of the 1898 gold rush. Marlene, as Cherry Malotte, is the glamorous owner of Nome's biggest gambling saloon. Her boy friend is Roy Glennister (John Wayne) who owns a half-share in the Midas Gold Mine. The crooked local Gold Commissioner, Alexander McNamara (Randolph Scott) plans to steal Glennister's interest by trickery. His plans are spoiled by Marlene who, learning of the plot to ruin Glennister, risks her own life to save him. Glennister's fight with McNamara which follows must be one of the longest and toughest batterings on record: Finally the villain is knocked into insensibility and the field is left clear for romance

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

The Gondoliers (Prince's) New Russian Ballet (Cambridge)

VILBERT AND SULLIVAN are in town for The season, and the faithful will need no reminding of how good they are or how well they wear. The goodness of these Victorian operas is intrinsic; their durability is largely due to the jealous care of the D'Oyly Carte tradition.

Few things are safe these days from the vagaries of fashion and the desire for innovation. Are there not vandals among us to whom the Gilbertian librettos are tedious anachronisms, even those who assert that Sullivan would repay an infusion of swing? The day may come when the authorised versions will suffer revision and their melodies be topically rescored. That desperate day, however, is not yet; and we are fortunate in being able to appreciate in these amiable masterpieces something of their pristine beauty.

THE audience (I had almost written congregation) assembled at the Prince's Theatre to enjoy The Gondoliers, with which this summer season opened, suffered from no such itch for heretical novelty. The Gilbertian rites were faithfully observed, and the audience was rapt. Nor was that general joy confined to habitues, but was shared by apparent neophytes who may have been seeing and hearing this melodious fairy tale in its theatrical entirety for the first time.

I attended this revival to refresh old memories, hardly expecting to be both charmed and surprised. The well-sung music, the mannered elocution—is there anything quite like that to be heard elsewhere?--and the precise stage pictures: these would not have shamed an even more universal classic. At moments, indeed, when the leading singers faced the footlights in single file

and sheerly sang, the illusion was almost

The company was fortified by that virtuoso, Mr. Sydney Granville, whose Grand Inquisitor has the august authority of, say, a character from Molière or an Old Master from the Prado. His performance, so idio-syncratic and so assured, is an answer to those who would renovate Gilbert and titivate Sullivan. It vindicates tradition, and is one of the most stylish period pieces to be seen in the theatre at the moment.

There are, of course, other splendours: that quartet of Venetian lovers, whose naive impulsive nuptials are the innocent mainstay of the plot, and from whose regular royal misadventure flows such a wealth of delectable melody. The Duke of Plaza-Toro, too, that quizzical grandee of Spain, whose duchess and daughter so rigidly preserve the dignity



The King's foster-mother announces that Luiz is the rightful King of Barataria (Caryl Fane and Herbert Garry)



The Grand Inquisitor, Don Alhambra Del Bo'ero (Sydney Granville), surrounded by his satellites (John Dean, Helen Roberts, Marjorie Eyre and Leslie Rands)

The Duke of Plaza-Toro, grandee of Spain, with Casilda, his daughter, and the Duchess (Grahame Clifford, Margery Abbott and Élla Halman)

he is at such raffish pains to squander, remains unique in style, humour and deportment; though some of his company-promoting patter is perhaps more characteristic than convulsive.

The Gondoliers (1889) comes late in the canon, and keeps its place in the van of popularity. Fourteen years of successful collaboration separate it from Trial by Jury (1875). This musical gem, and five of its major successors -The Pirates, Iolanthe, The Mikado, The Yeomen, and Patience—are all included in the present season which opened, and will close at the end of July with The Gondoliers. This prime selection from the repertory enables one, not merely to recapture old memories, but, by contrast with current popularities, to acquire new.

The New Russian Ballet at the Cambridge Theatre, though essentially a home product, has a stronger infusion of the Russian spirit than some we have recently seen. All is not gold that glitters; nor does all that is glibly termed Russian ballet warrant the description, but is apt to bear to Russia something of the same relation that Swiss roll bears to Switzerland. The title is a courtesy one.

At the Cambridge, the music, the themes of the three ballets that composed the inaugural programme, and the professional names of a modicum of the dancers are indubitably Russian; but the glories of the pioneers are

reflected rather than continued.

This first programme ranged in style from the surrealist, through fantasy to a pot-pourri of good old nursery tales. The music was of good old nursery tales. The music was from Prokofieff, Moussorgsky, Tchaikovsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, and Glazounov-all good composers and true. The London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Anatole Fistoulari, played it well. The evening was perhaps more musically than choreographically interesting; though the stage settings were ingenious, the costumes were often beautiful, and the dancing of the company, always efficient, was, in individual instances, accomplished.

No. 2139, June 24, 1942-THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER

"Awake and Sing"

Revived by the Arts Theatre Players



Old grandfather Jacob has Marxist views on which Bessie pours her scorn. "A man who don't believe in God," she says. (Martin Miller and Lilly Kann)



Hennie is sick. She is going to have a child. Bessie's one thought is to get her daughter married at the earliest possible moment. Only grandfather Jacob knows that the father of Hennie's child has gone away and can't be found. (Martin Miller, John Ruddock, Vivienne Bennett and Lilly Kann)

Awake and Sing, by Clifford Odets, the author of Golden Boy, produced by the Arts Theatre Club players last month, proved so successful that it has been revived for a further short season. It is the story of a family of Jews in the Bronx district of New York, each one of the family struggling in his or her own way against the squalor and economic restriction of home life and family ties. Miss Lilly Kann gives a brilliant and convincing study as the fiercely dominating mother of the family. Richard Attenborough is her son, Vivienne Bennett, her daughter. One alone of the Berger family has found happiness, old grandfather Jacob (Martin Miller), who in reading and music can create a world of his own. It is the tragedy of Jacob's death that gives his grandchildren the incentive they need to get out of their present environment and build new and finer lives

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



"Make a bughouse with Caruso and the records!
Now, maybe, you learned a lesson!" So Bessie
screams at Jacob as she smashes his much-loved
records. A few minutes later Jacob is found dead



"In this house I'm not only the mother, but the father," Bessie says to her son when she finds him reading Lenin, which he has inherited from his grandfather, along with the insurance money. (Lilly Kann and Richard Attenborough)



Moe Axelrod lost a leg in the last war. An embittered war-weary man, he is the Bergers' lodger and, to the depth of his capacity for loving, he loves Hennie. (Julian Somers and Vivienne Bennett)

Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

United Nations' Day

FTER another year of tireless attention to duty and ceaselessly watching many events, some interesting, some grim, some stirringly heroic, perhaps the last fortnight, marked by a royal Newmarket and a ceremonial lunch, has been in some ways the gayest for the King and Queen. Their Majesties gave a lunch on United Nations' Day which was one of the biggest private royal functions of the war, even since Coronation Day, though ceremonial and the number and variety of courses served were severely curtailed. Queen Mary, King Haakon of Norway, King Peter of Yugo-slavia and Crown Prince Olaf were some of the royal guests.

Though the very closest relations are maintained constantly between the British Government and the foreign Governments in London through the Ambassadors and Ministers of the various countries, the King and Queen do not often meet the heads of States personally. A rule was made by the King in the early days of the war, when Queen Wilhelmina, first of the royal refugees, came to this country, to the effect that the only practicable modus vivendi would be to treat foreign Governments and the heads of them in this country exactly as if they were established normally in their own countries, and to continue relations with them through the ordinary diplomatic channels.

Newmarket

 $T^{\scriptscriptstyle \mathrm{HE}}$ ability to control appearances is one of the prime essentials of a sovereign. Rarely the King shows any outward expression of what he is feeling, but his face lit up with pleasure when his horse Sun Chariot won the Oaks, and a flicker of disappointment passed over it when Big Game failed to win the Derby. His Majesty has already beaten all records for one owner by winning the first three Classics in the same year. The King sent for Lady Derby and asked her to convey his congratulations to Lord Derby, who, unfortunately, was not well enough

to see his horse Watling Street win. The King and Queen thoroughly enjoyed their two short visits to the course. Their Majesties arrived very informally, accompanied by the Princess Royal, in A.T.S. uniform for the Oaks and V.A.D. for the Derby. The Queen was dressed in her favourite colour, lavender-mauve, for the first day, and for the second an even paler shade of mushroom-pink. The royal cars stopped at the far end of the course, where the King and Queen, with Captain Moore, the royal racing manager, had a close-up view of the start, before they appeared in front of the public enclosures—probably the first time there has been a royal arrival at the starting-gate.

Business with Pleasure

THE King and Queen paid their visits to Newmarket between other official engagements in the vicinity. Thousands of the spectators, I fancy, killed several birds with one stone, and found "business" of one kind or another demanding their attention in the neighbourhood, as they made their way to the course on Derby Day, eking out their last drops of petrol. The Duke of Norfolk is one of the latest converts to the use of a small car. He drove himself in the royal procession in a 10-h.p. saloon, and had some difficulty in breaking away and parking his own car. How-ever, he was not jolted out of his usual quiet imperturbability by hurrying round to the members' entrance in time to welcome their Majesties.

Bloodstock Industry Survives

THE Duke of Norfolk, Hereditary Earl Marshal of England, was present at Newmarket in the dual capacity of Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture—under whose direction the National Stud is run—and Steward of the Jockey Club. Not long ago, I hear, the Duke offered to put down the whole of his racing stud in the national interest if it was thought that the foodstuffs consumed by the



At the Lansdowne

The Hon. Gilbert Simon, only son of Viscount Simon, dined out one night in London with his wife. She was Miss James Christie Hunt, and they have two children, Jan and Gemma. They live near High Wycombe, Bucks

horses would be better employed feeding cattle. High officials of the Ministry of Agriculture, however, dissuaded him from this course, pointing out the extreme value of maintaining the bloodstock industry for after the war.

Racing Enthusiasts

Racing Enthusiasis

Everyone enjoyed the Oaks and Derby in spite of the cold drizzle, the failure of Big Game, the queer half holiday, half "let's-getit-over" atmosphere which characterised the wartime meeting. I saw several Army "Brass Hats" in the members' enclosure, and some R.A.F. "higher-ups." Among the peacetime requirer receivers were Lord Stayordale. Lady regular racegoers were Lord Stavordale; Lady Weymouth; Mrs. John Dewar, away from her hospital for two days, with her daughter, Barbara McNeil, who is secretary to a plastic surgeon; Major and Mrs. Charlie Mills; Mrs. Fulke Walwyn; the Countess of Petre, sensibly dressed in a mackintosh; Mr. Henry Garnett; Lord and Lady Durham; Lord Glanely, whose





The Macdonald - Richmond Wedding at Birnam Church, Perthshire

A recent wedding in Perthshire was that of Captain John M. L. Macdonald, The Black Watch, and Miss Jean Margaret Richmond. They were married at St. Mary's Church, Birnam. Captain Macdonald is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Macdonald, of Dinmore, Maidenhead, and the bride's parents are Major and Mrs. G. M. Richmond, of Kincairney House, Murthly. Pipers of the bridegroom's regiment piped them from the church after the ceremony

Miss Elizabeth and Miss Mary Richmond were bridesmaids at their sister's wedding. Mary is a twin of the bride and Elizabeth is her younger sister. Their dresses were trimmed with old lace and they carried white flowers

Feberion was third in the Oaks, wearing his usual red carnation; Sir Humphrey de Trafford and several daughters; Lord Zetland; Lord Harewood; Sir Eric Miéville, in attendance on the King; Lord Willoughby de Broke; Lord Grimthorpe; Lady Cromwell, walking with Mr. John Lowther; Lady Hambleden, a Ladyin-Waiting to the Queen; Miss Priscilla Bullock, who ran her Solway in the Derby, a recent present from her grandfather, Lord Derby; the Hon. Peter Beatty; the Hon. Philip Strutt; Mrs. Rose Fiske, widow of the first American pilot to be killed in the R.A.F., dressed very simply in Quaker-grey, brightened with a scarlet headband.

In view of the "save-paper" campaign, it would in fact the more seconomical to meetien

In view of the "save-paper" campaign, it would, in faet, be more economical to mention familiar faces that I missed at the races. I did not see the Duchess of Norfolk, Lady Sefton, or Lord and Lady Rosebery, both too actively engaged with war duties in Scotland, where they live almost entirely now, to get away for the races, although Lord Rosebery's horses were second in both the Oaks and the Derby. The Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Stavordale, Lady Willoughby de Broke and Lord Zetland's three daughters were others I missed.

Private View

THERE was a real muster for the private view of Mr. Elliott Seabrooke's paintings and water-colours which are being exhibited at the Lefevre Galleries in aid of the Greek Red Cross—part of the proceeds from the sale of pictures is for the same cause.

Lady Louis Mountbatten opened the exhibition, and distinguished Greeks supported it, including the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, M. Agnides; the Greek Minister of Information, M. A. Michalopoulos; Colonel Contoleon, Greek Military Attaché; Captain Alexandris, Greek Naval Attaché; Mme. and Mlle. Tsouderos, wife and daughter of the Greek Prime Minister; Mr. and Mrs. Philip Noel Baker; Mrs. Richard Law; the Prime Minister of Yugoslavia, M. Yovanovitch; Sir Thomas and Lady Bethell; Lady Crosfield; Admiral Mark Kerr; H.E. M. and Mme. Diamantopoulos; Mr. and Mrs. Constantinidis; Miss Olga Lynn; the Argentine Chargé d'Affaires; and the chairman of the Greek Red Cross, Dr. Cawadias.

More About It

LADY Louis bought one of the pictures, a green one called "Thames Backwater." The oils looked as if they belonged to two distinct periods: "Thames Backwater" to the



W. Dennis Moss

Christenings in the Country and in Town

Nicholas Joseph Beresford Cripps, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. W. Cripps, was christened at Ampney Crucis Church, Gloucestershire. Above are Mr. J. W. W. Cripps, Sir Frederick and Lady Cripps of Ampney Park, Lady Cromwell, holding the baby's small sister, and, in front, Mrs. Cripps with her son

The twin sons of Major the Hon. Richard and Mrs. Denison-Pender were christened at Holy Trinity, Brompton, on June 13th. They were given the names of James Henry and Michael Richard, and are seen here in their parents' arms after the ceremony

earlier, with one of the same sort of subject beside it, called "Lake at Fishergate," representing the later.

Princess Wolkonsky was circulating; she is American, and was well known on the Riviera as Mrs. Barton French before her second marriage. Mrs. Hope-Nicolson, as trenchant and amusing as ever, was with tall, red-haired Mrs. Daly: Mr. T. C. Dugdale was an R.A. looking round; and Mr. Elliott Seabrooke himself was there, smart in a dark suit. Then there were Sir Herbert and Lady Williams, Sir Hopeton and Lady Stokes, Mrs. Eveleigh Nash, and many more.

Tea Party

That enormous subterranean room at Grosvenor House was packed for the Actresses' Tea Party, which is got up to raise funds for existing repertory companies, and so alleviate unemployment in the theatre.

The Egyptian Ambassador presided, and the chairman, Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, received the guests, who numbered over a thousand. The deputy and vice-chairman, vice-presidents and committee included Lady Moore Guggisberg (Miss Decima Moore), Miss Eva Moore, Mrs. Warren Pearl, Lady Hodder Williams, Lady Cohen, Miss Teddie Gerard, Catherine Lady Headley, Lady Alexander, Mrs. Washington Singer, and many more. Lady Shakespeare was there, receiving congratulations on her husband's haronatey. They had over ninety telegrams

baronetcy. They had over ninety telegrams.

There were dancing, a cabaret, palmist, tombolo, bran-tub, lucky-number programmes, and all the jollities possible between three and six. Callot Sœurs clothes were paraded by efficient amateur mannequins, and a demonstration of ballroom dancing was arranged by Charles Thiebault, professional champion of Great Britain.

(Concluded on page 408)







And Some of the People From Perthshire and Elsewhere Who Went To It

Mrs. Heriot-Maitland, of Errol Park, was at the wedding, and left the church with Mrs. Neil Ramsay and Viscountess Kelburn, daughter-in-law of the Earl of Glasgow. The weather was kind and allowed for the wearing of summer frocks Mr. C. C. Macdonald, the bridegroom's father, wearing a Macdonald tartan kilt, was photographed with his daughter at his son's wedding. There was a large number of friends and relations present at the church and at the reception afterwards

Mr. and Mrs. MacGregor of Cardney arrived at the church with the Countess of Mansfield and her six-year-old daughter, Lady Malvina Murray. Lady Mansfield's husband has a place in Perthshire: Logie House, Methven

The Sky's the Limit

The Two Hermiones in "Sky High" at the Phœnix



"Park Meeting" brings the two Hermiones together in a sketch which has more of pathos than of burlesque or satire. They interpret the inner loneliness of the no-longer-young woman who has lived too gaily and the equal sadness of one who has not lived gaily enough. This is one of the few occasions in "Sky High," presented by Tom Arnold at the Phænix, on which we see the two Hermiones (Baddeley and Gingold) acting "straight"



"Little Mother," a sketch in which Naunton Wayne and Betty Hare appear, is one of the all-too-rare occasions on which we see these two together



Zoë Gail sings "New Blue in Your Eyes." Zoë made a big hit in "Black Vanities" at the Victoria Palace last year



As an elderly mermaid exchanging deep-sea confidences with her equally elderly neighbour, Hermione Baddeley is at her brilliant best. "There's someone on the bridge, staring straight at us. D'you think it's an Admiral?"



Elizabeth Welch provides one of the high spots of the show when, mounted on a property bull of stupendous proportions, she sings "Europa." "About that time there was a god called Zeus, who came down to earth on the least excuse"



"Admiral, my fin!" replies her elderly companion, none other than Hermione Gingold. "It's Noel Coward. Come on." And the two mermaids rise to the surface to take advantage of wartime chances which may never come their way again



"Which Way the Wind Blew" gives us the opportunity of seeing Walter Crisham dance with lovely Prudence Hyman once again. They were two popular members of the cast in "Rise Above It." Prudence used to dance with the Arts Theatre Ballet Company



"Paddle Boat Dream" provides the finale of the first act. The whole company get together on the deck of the old "Golden Belle" (now a minesweeper), and sing old favourites of many years ago



"Mid-day Star" or "I'm No Angela," in which Hermione Baddeley takes full advantage of the opportunity of giving a lifelike impersonation of sister Angela, also gives Naunton Wayne the chance of producing an uncannily true caricature of Mr. Fmlyn Williams



George Posford and Harold Purcell together wrote "The Norwood Nightingale" for Walter Crisham, who produced "Sky High." It is the croaking lament of a chorister whose heyday in the local choir is over



Standing By

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

o commemorate this year, so far as is possible, the 450th anniversary of the discovery (or, as Wilde said, the detection) of America, one or two chaps have already made the sound suggestion in the Times that Watling's Island in the Bahamas, where Columbus made his first landfall, should have its original name of San Salvador officially restored.

Cuba, which Columbus called Hispaniola, might simultaneously get its old name back, so redolent of Spain and the galleons. An authority on ships was once telling us that the seamanship Columbus and his captains possessed was more than respectable. The galleon, a beautiful sight with her high bulwarks, galleries and "castles," bright with gilding and colour, her painted sails, her tall masts and lofty poop-lanterns, was not what seamen call a handy ship, on account of this same towering superstructure and big canvas-spread: she could not sail very near the wind and she was apt in Northern winter gales to roll and leak dangerously, unless the wind was abeam. Stout technique and steel nerve were required to sail west with the Santa Maria convoy in 1492, and if Columbus is ever beatified—there has been talk of it—every sailor from a battleship captain to a Thames bargee could feel it a compliment to the profession.

Footnote

A PROPOS toughness, the ideal patron for the Commandos would be that ace of tough guys Slogger Pizarro, who rode and fought under the hellish Peruvian sun perpetually wearing steel breastplate and morion, and while fighting lived largely, like his troops, on forest leaves and insects. But we doubt if Pizarro could ever qualify for inclusion among the Beati, and as we doubt if it interests you anyway we'll just give him a big hello and trip on.

Operation

Septic in youth and sceptic in age, the medical student boys should benefit considerably in mind and body by that shortening of their studies which the Ministry of Health proposes and the General Medical Council approves. Youthful viscera-snatchers drink far too much and it lamentably coarsens their fibre.

Law-students, contrariwise, do not drink enough nowadays to mellow their natural aridity; hence those driedup youthful parchmenty pans you used to see flitting round the Inns of Court and mocking the eighteenth-century shades of the Old Grecian Coffee-House by the Temple, where the legal boys once used to throw back claret all day long. This abstention for some reason often goes with prolonged living, but we can't see what especial fun it is to be a judge still functioning at 98, hale, hearty, and resembling something out of a tomb of the period of Rameses II. It's unnatural, it's macabre, and they do tell us that when exposed to air and light these desiccated yellow Methuselahs crumble instantly into fine

Shorter medical studies will mean earlier irruption into Harley Street for the more skilful boys, earlier contact with rich women



"Here's rather an amusing one of a nudist camp on the Broads, Sir. Though, of course, it won't help us much for raids on the French coast"

full of neuroses, and consequently an earlier fortune (l'argenteuse science, the Doughy Racket, as it was called even in the sixteenth century). Surgery will also benefit, and leaping at a duchess's interior system with the scalpel poised unerringly in a young, firm, forceful hand, unaffected by nerves, drink, doubt, or age, will be a spectacle which should pack every West End operatingtheatre and maybe get a few more encores. All these reflections are pure altruism.

WHETHER that by-election candidate with the beautiful silky gold-brown beard, which has been dazzling Fleet Street's political correspondents, has won his Welch constituency by now we wouldn't know, and—may we whisper it in your ear, rather shamefacedly?—we don't really care the fifth part of a damn. What interests us is the technique of the business, action and

Our hairy, passionate, and courageous kinsmen the Welch, when faced with any major problem, solve it by bursting instantly with first-class voices into third-class song. The political boys have already noted a great deal of choral singing in this constituency since this beard arrived. We conjecture, therefore, that the Welch have resisted its lure with desperate vigour, unlike the heirs of Drake and Nelson, who gave in to the monstrous regimen of joadery with no struggle at all, the poor popeyed dumbos.

Phenomenon

ESLIE HENSON'S reproduction of the Joad beard, incidentally, is masterly, except in one respect. Mr. Henson's ersatz fuzz has no dark Machiavellian life of its own, and cannot work at night while its master sleeps, germinating and secreting those curious answers which so bemuse and metagrobolise the Race. Combing these out next morning is a simple process. If this feverish midnight generation of poohbah once stopped, the whole Brains Trust would (Concluded on page 398)



his page is missing from the print copy used for digitization. replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available	

(Continued)

dissolve at once into a heaving, greyish, bubbling, amorphous mass of lukewarm plup. Not even an artist like Mr. Henson can reproduce such a sinister fungus as this beard, and—we ask with a light shudderwho the devil wants to?

Urge

QUEEN VICTORIA'S statue at Aix-les-Bains, unlike the one at Carrier unlike the one at Cannes, has been saved from the scrap-collectors. VII.'s statue near the Paris Opera was recently pulled down, according to German wireless, by a gang of youths. Possibly the Germans encourage this kind of anglophobe whimsy; it takes the mind of Parisian youth off other things, such as shooting up their

kindly blond guests.

Edward VII. has other memorials in Paris, including the street and the theatre named after him, so his statue is probably no great loss; but this tendency to wreak temporary pique on statuary always seems to us one of the oddest anfractuosities (Dr. Johnson) of cockeyed human nature. famous statue of Christ in Spain was one of the first rifle-targets of the forces of Progress in the late civil war; we wonder how long their glow of satisfaction lasted. It's probably a primitive or jungle throwback. Destroying your enemy's image, you destroy Compare the very ancient magic custom, common among P.E.N. Club girls to-day, of making a wax puppet to represent a best-selling rival and slowly murdering it with pins or fire.

Charm

COME booksy girls prefer to put a curse on their rivals with hellish charms, sealed with publishers' blood, but this is not so easy. Publishers are wary birds, strong on the wing and elusive. Most booksy girls requiring their blood have to disguise themselves as vampire-bats and bite a selected publisher's toes as he sleeps. There is a fixed scale of values—one drachm of Heinemann, for example, or one fluid ounce of Faber equals half a pint of Gollancz. For letting this professional secret out we shall probably be murdered by booksy narks before the next issue but one of this fascinating page.

Reservation

CPEAKING of one of our best-known Minstrel Boys who from the war have fled (in the U.S.A. you'll find 'em), a chap remarked the other day, rather soundly, that this boy's verse reminds him of a suicidal chartered accountant banging peevishly at a rusty typewriter.

A nice simile and a just one, for we guess if you compared any modern poetic idol of Bloomsbury to a songbird, the ordinary simile for poets, he'd squeak with rage. But even in decent circumstances "songbird "by itself is not quite enough, purists will agree. When the late W. H. Davies, a very sweet singer indeed, was thus described by the Laureate a little time ago, a careful chap remarked:

Mr. W. H. Davies Resembles the mavis, Except (say grousers)
For his trousers.

When you next use this simile, therefore, say: "Mr. So-and-So reminds me of a trousered lark."

Inhibition

VEVER in any age, we thought, reading that all Italian church bells are going into the munition-foundries, has Europe been deprived to such an extent of that sweet metal music of which the merest mention in print instantly brings back, for us, that lovely song of Debussy's:

Rhythmique et fervent comme une antienne . . .

And we fear this deprivation is going to make bellringers more crabbed, ugly, dull, touchy, difficult, and odious than ever. Some time ago we mentioned to you our old feud with our native grandsire-triple boys. Scores of them nearly tore us in shreds for mildly conjecturing that they never sweat at their harmonious labours. sweat, apparently, like a million bulls and it is a major issue with them. Italian bellringers may have the same inhibition for all we know, though they seemed jolly and friendly enough last time we saw them,



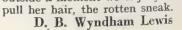
"Don't agree with everything I say. Say exactly what you think, even if I have you cashiered for it"

ringing for the Volto Santo festa at Lucca, with a huge flask or two of Chianti on the floor to help them. But if we'd known enough Tuscan to sneer. "Pooh! No sweating?", no doubt the knives would have been out, and as one of those campanologists strongly resembled Jas. Hook, a ripping time might have been had by all. Do we mean Jas. Hook, incidentally, or Jas. Agate? We keep somehow mixing up our favourite masterful characters in fiction. Never mind.

Mirage

You probably recall Uncle George, the great sidesplitter, the ace farceur? Every nice family has an Uncle George. Inevitably there comes a day when the children, having grown up, find Uncle George out, and a damp, dismal

expiry is his. Auntie Times's dramatic critic has grown up now, it seems, and has just found Uncle Gilbert out. Remarking, apropos a current revival, that the day is past when London audiences waited breathlessly for Gilbert's quips, Auntie's boy seemed to be gallantly squaring up to the outraged Fourth Form, the Savoyard fanatics, who have been told by Nanny that Uncle Gilbert is tops and would never dream of questioning it. (Watch their gooseberry eyes.) The fact is, of course, that if you ever read through a Gilbert libretto without Sullivan's music or production glamour you will find even the big Spinster Joke, of which Uncle Gilbert never tires, a deathly bore, though it ravished our simple, savage grandfathers. This disillusion is quite dreadful, and that man must have a heart of stone, as Wilde said of the death of Little Nell, who can think of it without laughing.... If that angry carroty girl with the green ribbon will step outside a moment we'll jolly well





"Wait here a few minutes for me-I shan't be more than half an hour"

Pouishnoff and
Dorothy Hildreth
in Their Finchley Home



The face of a great Russian artist. The original of Tom Purvis's striking poster now hangs in the Pouishnoff home

Last week-end, audiences at the Royal Albert Hall were given the opportunity of welcoming the world-famous Halle Orchestra after an absence of twelve years. This great musical event took place on June 20th and 21st. On the first day, the Halle Orchestra gave a programme of Beethoven music, under conductor Dr. Malcolm Sargent. Pouishnoff, as soloist, played the "Emperor" Concerto. On the second day, Pouishnoff conducted a programme of Russian music; with his wife, Dorothy Hildreth, as soloist, playing the Arensky Piano Concerto. Pouishnoff, born in Russia in 1891, made his first appearance in London in 1921, He is a naturalised British subject



Dorothy Hildreth keeps her eyes on the famous conductor as she plays the Arensky Piano Concerto



The Pouishnoff home in Finchley is a converted stable. An old stall has been changed into an excellent little study



Outside in the courtyard, where once the carriages were washed down, is the sun lounge. Here Pouishnoff and his wife enjoy many meals in the open air

These Small Black Puppies Belong to Ness, the Labrador

Mrs. George Maitland Christian is very busy at home while her husband is on duty in the Balloon Barrage. Besides looking after her son, Ewan, she helps the war effort in a variety of different ways. Red Cross work occupies some of her mornings, milking and farm work her afternoons, and she helps in a canteen in the evenings. She was Miss Joy Loder before her marriage in 1934 to Mr. George Maitland Christian—now Flight-Lieutenant—and is the only daughter of the late Major Basil Loder, and a cousin of Sir Giles Loder, Bt., pictures of whose wife appear on the opposite page. Mrs. Christian's only brother, Captain R. E. Loder, is a prisoner of war



When the photographer arrived a dancing class was in progress.

Ewan Christian and a young friend were paying homage to a bunch
of, charming young ladies. Their dancing mistress has taught
several members of the Royal Family, including the Duke of Windsor

Pictures of Two

While Flight-Lieutenant Christian is Serving in the R.A.F., His Wife and Son Live at Their Home Near Bishop's Waltham



Post Mead: the Christians' Hampshire Home



The picture on the wall shows an episode in the life of Fletcher Christian, who led the mutiny on the Bounty. But Ewan Christian seems more interested in the antics of the goldfish than in those of his famous ancestor

amilies in Hampshire

Sir Giles Loder's Wife Has Also Gone to Live in Hampshire With Her Small Son, to be Near Her Husband's War Work



Life is Amusing for Edmund Loder

Sir Giles Loder, Bt., and his wife have temporarily left their home, Leonardslee, near Horsham, and he is now doing war work at Portsmouth. Lady Loder and her son, who is just a year old, have moved to Jarman's Farm, Bishop's Waltham, in Hampshire, to be near him. Sir Giles, who succeeded his grandfather in 1920, married in 1939 Miss Marie Symons-Jeune, only daughter of Captain Bertram Symons-Jeune, of Runnymede House, Old Windsor, Lady Loder is kept pretty busy looking after young Edmund Jeune Loder, who was born in June 1941



Lady Loder Faces Up to the Camera



Zara, the Dalmatian, Looks After the Loder Family





Griselda, Who Works at the Admiralty

Diana, Who Dances at the Cambridge Theatre

The Gould Sisters

Daughters of Pianist
Evelyn Suart

Diana and Griselda Gould are the daughters of the well-known pianist Evelyn Suart, one of the pioneers of modern music, and of the late Gerald Gould. Diana is the principal dancer in the New Russian Ballet at the Cambridge Theatre. She has appeared in earlier Jay Pomeroy productions, including Mussorgsky's Sorotchintsi Fair and in The Great Gates of Kieff. Griselda, who is the younger of the two girls, works in the Signal Section of Operations Division at the Admiralty. The girls' stepfather, Capt. Cecil Harcourt, C.B.E., R.N., who now commands H.M.S. Duke of York, in which Mr. Churchill travelled to America last year, was formerly Director of this Division in Whitehall



Diana Sketches Her Younger Sister in a Leisured Moment

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Exhibition For a Good Cause

Merchant Navy Comforts Shown at Collingwood Hall



Lady Brooke (vice-chairman of the M.N.C.S.) and Princess Marie Louise were present when the Dowager Lady Lloyd (president) received from Mrs. Thomas Hutchinson (chairman) a cheque for over £1,100, the result of donations received

Photographs by Swaebe



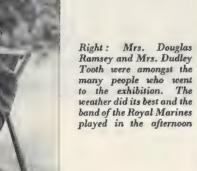
Mrs. Dudley Ryder was another active member of the exhibition committee



Mrs. W. Stickney, Lord Beaverbrook's sister, represented the Canadian Red Cross, and Mrs. J. Marcus is head of their distribution depot

An exhibition of comforts for the British and allied merchant navies was held at Collingwood Hall, Camberley, the home of Mrs. Thomas Hutchinson, chairman of the exhibition committee of the Merchant Navy Comforts Society. There were stands displaying the work of the various branches of the organisation, including comforts sent by the Queen. The M.N.C.S. has despatched over 900,000 garments to the men of the merchant navies, 6000 of which were produced by the Collingwood Hall depot since January







Mrs. Ivor Peyton and Lady Shakespeare, whose husband received a Baronetcy in the Birthday Honours, had tea with Lady Greville



Mrs. Philip Hill and Mrs. Douglas Christopherson were two members of the committee responsible for the exhibition at Collingwood Hall



Pirtues in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Department and Deportment

The Glorious Uncertainty-of a "Certainty"

The failure of the "certainty" will not, as we all know, have affected the royal owner, imbued as he is with the fine sporting instincts of his House, so much as the regret that his Majesty had for the large number of people who backed Big Game to win the Derby. The King, naturally, was disappointed to find that his colt was not quite so good as he looked upon paper and otherwise. I am sure that it is only echoing public feeling if I say that, putting aside the satisfaction over a royal win in the Oaks, everyone at Newmarket was personally glad to see the King and Queen permitting themselves some very well-earned relaxation. It was their Majesties' first visit to any race meeting since

the outbreak of war, and this despite the strong temptation which the brilliant successes of horses carrying the royal jacket must have constituted. And now to things of less moment. In spite of this defeat in the Derby, his Majesty has set up a Turf record by winning the first three Classics, and he may yet add to this by winning the fifth and last of the great three-year-old contests, on September 1st. This, surely, must be on the cards, since Sun Chariot showed herself good enough to win the Oaks after throwing away anything from four to six lengths at the start, and another three during the race. This was her jockey's account of things: and yet she won by a length! Put all these lengths into pounds, and see to what it adds up. There is, however, this waywardness of the King's filly which should not be forgotten. Sun Chariot, in my personal opinion, did not finish too generously: her ears were laid flat back. That is not how one likes to see them. She behaved perfectly on One Thousand Day; on Oaks Day she did not, and when the time comes to back her for the Leger, I think that these facts must be borne in mind. Obviously, she is very like that little girl who had a curl bang in the middle of her forehead. She must be very good and able to give the best of the other three-year-olds a lot more weight than Mr. Fawcett has asked her to do, but . . . ! It would be very interesting to hear the Official Handicapper's present opinion.

"The Little More . . ."

On the Derby running, it is a sheer waste of good time discussing what chance Big Game can have in the Leger, if, as would seem to be improbable, he is started. He had won the Derby at 1½ miles, and he will most likely win the substitute for the Eclipse (if any), but he seems to have said quite definitely: "Thus far and no farther." After the way in which he won the Two Thousand, playing with Watling Street, and giving the impression that he could have gone twice the distance, the general



Well-known Sportsman's Wedding Captain Gerard T. Hollebone, of Claygate, Esher, who captained the Cambridge University Soccer team and has played for the Corinthians and Casuals, was married at All Saints', Brandeston, to Miss Eileen Mary Austin, daughter of the late Charles Austin and Mrs. Austin

conclusion arrived at concerning his chance in the Derby was amply justified, and the 6-to-4 on was not a false price. Big Game's failure to stay will set the ball rolling faster than ever about the lack of stoutness in descendants of The Tetrarch. Big Game has this blood very close up in his dam's pedigree, for Myrobella is by Tetratema. The Tetrarch never got the chance to prove whether he could stay or not, for he only raced as a two-year-old. He has sired many that have won over distances of ground, including two Leger winners—Caligula, a grey, like himself, and Salmon Trout, who was a bay—and yet the belief has persisted that he can only transmit his own lightning speed. Horse-breeding is a big toss-up. Take the case of Amphion, a very parallel one to that of The Tetrarch. He traced straight back to the great tap-root Blacklock, from whom descended St. Simon, to name only one key-point, yet most of his family did not stay,



D. R. Stuart

The Eton Cricket Team Beat Oxford Authentics

The Eton match against the Ramblers resulted in a draw, as did their more recent match with Charterhouse. Standing: J. Wendell, S. T. B. Forbes-Adam, C. M. A. Mayes, A. R. P. Stubbs, J. F. Cory-Wright, J. H. Hale, J. C. R. Touer. Sitting: W. G. Keighley, T. H. Marshall, E. N. W. Bramall (captain), C. M. Wheatley, C. H. B. Pease



D. R. Stuart

The Oxford University Authentics Beaten by Eton

Oxford University are playing under the name of the Authentics. They will meet Public Schools and Service sides this season. Standing: L. K. Purkiss, C. P. Lindsay, A. N. Mather, P. C. Hobden, I. J. H. Lewisohn, C. D. Lawrie. Sitting: C. F. Deacon, C. C. J. Forge, W. J. H. Butterfield (captain), L. L. Toynbee, D. F. Henley



Commander C. B. Fry at the Nets Commander C. B. Fry, the well-known cricketer and journalist, is now in charge of the Nautical School Training Ship "Mercury," established in 1885. Apart from their sea training, these young sailors are given the opportunity of becoming proficient sportsmen

certainly not those who marked to his own colour, chestnut. Yet Sunstar, a bay son of Sundridge, a chestnut by Amphion, won the Derby, having previously won the Two Thousand, so how is it possible to dogmatise?

Congratulations

A ND now to congratulate one of the most popular personalities on the Turf. Lord Derby, unhappily, was not at Newmarket to see Harry Wragg win the Derby. I put it that way, because I am sure that it is the right way. I do not believe that there is any other jockey riding to-day who could have got Watling Street home, and made him fight it out to the last ounce as he had to do with that fine colt which, as I heard, some people prefer to call "Eyepercedes." It was a really masterly performance, because, as I read the race, Watling Street was for some time in two minds about having a go; he was last for a long time. If Harry



Officers of a Training Wing Somewhere in England

D. R. Stuart

Front row: Sq. Ldrs. H. T. L. Lees, L. E. G. Chapman, H. A. Chippendale, M.C., C. L. Blake, W. H. Jordan, Wing Com. R. D. Stewart, Sq. Ldrs. R. J. Gammon, D.F.C., A. R. French, F. Buckley, W. M. Honeyman, C. S. Day. Middle row: W.O. C. A. Harrall, Flt. Lts. W. H. McIntyre, S. Cran, Flg. Off. J. G. Mathewson, P.O. G. M. Forster, Sq. Ldr. C. H. Charlesworth, Flt. Lts. N. C. E. Ashton, C. L. Stevens, Sq. Ldr. R. K. Broader, Flt. Lt. W. H. R. Jeremy, F.O. D. W. Harvey, W.O. B. S. Howard. Third row: P.O. R. L. Brass, Flt. Lt. R. L. Gardner, P.O. J. L. Bond, F.O. P. A. Compeyron, Flt. Lts. L. S. B. Williams, R. O. G. Waters, P.O. R. J. Jackson, Flt. Lts. H. Hughes, R. O. Watson, Plt. Off. J. E. Halliday, F.O. L. Howson

Wragg had asked him to join the dance a split second before he actually did so, I am fully convinced that he might have declined the invitation. Walter Earl also did his part magnificently, for he sent Lord Derby's colt on to the course as fit as hands could make him; but of what good is all that when you are dealing with one apt to say "No, thank you"! The trainer and jockey are the two real heroes of the Battle of the Thirteenth, and, naturally, one wishes the noble owner and them a continuance of good fortune on September 1st. But what a proposition the Leger is for both Fred Darling and Walter Earl, each with a candidate good enough to win nine Legers out of ten, but each with such an infernally big "if." For myself, I think I shall take an early each-way wager on "Eyepereedes." He, at any rate, is as honest and brave as the daylight: the other two might be capable of stealing a blind kitten's milk—perhaps.

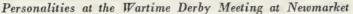
Surplus Horses

A word for moderation in the matter of surplus horses, whose destruction has been suggested as desirable by the Minister of Agriculture, has been put in by Lieut.-Col. Robin Buxton, who used to be in the Rifle Brigade, and is the kind of person who knows what he is talking about. He suggests that, as light horses are not over-plentiful, and petrol short for other than war purposes, the Minister should gang warily. I do not think that the Minister, and still less so his coadjutor, the Duke of Norfolk, an ex-M.F.H., have any desire that horses which can be utilised should be destroyed. The suggestion only refers to worn-out ones. There is this further: some units of the United Nations are still horsed ones, and we ourselves might even find it necessary to re-embody some real cavalry. fancy that the Minister and the Duke are fully alive to these facts.



Major " Vandy " Beatty, late of the 19th Royal Hussars, younger brother of the great Admiral, Earl Beatty, lives at Phantom House, Newmarket, and came prepared for the uncertain weather





Mrs. James Baird and Mrs. Ralph Richardson were together. In spite of Walling Street's win for the ever-popular Lord Derby, there was disappointment that Big Game did not com-plete a Royal Classic double for the King

Sir Merrik Burrell found no difficulty in parking his car in an unusually deserted car-park. Sir Merrik is a J.P. for Sussex. He is an Hon. Life Mem-ber of the Royal Agricultural Society



Captain Clive Graham escorted the Hon, Mrs. North, Captain Graham was well known before the war as a racing journalist. He married Dorothy North, one of Lord North's two sisters, in 1937

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Virginia Woolf

was good news when we heard that another Virginia Woolf book was to appear. The Death of the Moth (Hogarth Press; 9s.) is a collection of essays—the essays were written from time to time during the last twenty years. Most of them have appeared in periodicals; a few have not been published until now. Before her death, Virginia Woolf had planned, and begun to work on, the making of this collection: her husband has now completed her work for her. The Death of the Moth is the third of her books of this kind; it follows the two volumes of The Common Reader.

With some novelists, criticism is no more than a by-product. We know that with Virginia Woolf this was not the case. In fact, I know there are many people who find her more simple, more sympathetic, perhaps more lovable as a critic than as a novelist. her feelings about books were more direct and less complicated than her feelings about life. Having known her, I know it is wrong to see her as a sort of Lady of Shalott, who could only bear to behold life when it was reflected into a mirror—the mirror being the mirror of art. No; actually she was a woman who was in love with every sensation connected with being alive. She loved no book better than she loved the living of a quite ordinary day. To read, to enter the world of a book, was to her like passing from one room of her house into another. But perhaps one is happier in some rooms than in others. And perhaps she found books less perplexing than she found life.

In her novels, what may be unfamiliar or even frightening is the perplexity of her characters. Her people are not complexed. Though the plexed. Though they are outwardly quite prosaic men and women, living in London or staying at the seaside, they seem to be incapable of a quite prosaic experience. Their prob-lems are the problems of visionaries: even the simplest acts they have undertaken—the taking of a taxi, the buying of a bunch of flowers, the entering of an unknown room, the keeping up of a conversation at dinner-make them constantly hesitate, question themselves, reflect.

Do we ourselves never feel-yes, even at the most inappropriate momentsthis rush of questions and dreams? I am certain we all do. But we prefer to deny them; we are frightened of feeling silly or of losing our way. That may be why Virginia Woolf's insight, as a novelist, into the irresponsible, unpractical human mind makes some readers uneasy. Per-haps—should this be a new idea ?-it made her a little uneasy too. It is tiring to too much - about know

human beings.
On the whole, the great attraction of novels is that while they make life seem more interesting, they do also appear to simplify it. We expect the novelist to put this and that in its place. Virginia Woolf, who was above all a truthful writer, could not perform

this trick of making life seem simple, because it never did seem simple to her. But she wished, like many of us, for simplification, and books did to her seem simple—in the great sense. Therefore, when she was writing about books (in fact, writing her critical essays), she was at rest from the perplexities that she felt when she was writing about life (or writing novels). Her truthfulness permits her to show that among books she is very, very happy. These essays in *The Death of the Moth* communicate, above all, intense happiness.

The Present Tense

THINK the first reason for one's love of these essays is that they are never, in the frigid ase, "literary." They are full of burning sense, ideas, but contain no dogma about the arts. vary very much in tone; some are detached and impersonal-for instance, the essays on Henry James, George Moore, the Novels of E. M. Forster, the Art of Biography—some are very personal, even intimate, and give the effect of confidences or of idealised, happy gossip. Examples of this second manner are the essays on Walpole and Cole, on Madame de Sévigné, on Sara Coleridge, and above all, the "Reflections at Sheffield Place," which opens some thoughts about Gibbon of the Decline and Fall with a dazzlingly lovely picture of rhododendrons reflecting their colours into a lake.

Those rhododendrons flowered how long ago?

The spell of the writing makes them flower to-day. For Virginia Woolf the past was never sterile or dead; it was as near her senses, and as alive, as the present. Everything that had ever happened—that had been thought, felt,

Harlip

Lady Anderson

Lady Anderson, the widow of Mr. Ralph Wigram, married Sir John Ander-son, M.P., Lord President of the Council and a member of the War Cabinet, in October and a member of the War Cabinet, in October last year. Lady Anderson is the daughter of the late J. E. C. Bodley, the historian; and is a descendant of Sir. Thomas Bodley, the founder of the Bodleian Library at Oxford

desired or dreamed about-belonged, where she was concerned, to To-day. Neither the coldness of print nor the stretch of time separated her from anyone who had lived. Books were to her, above all, invaluable keys to other people's experiences—experiences that her own imagina-

tion could enter into and enjoy to the full. Also, because she was a writer, all other writers, however long dead, were at once her contemporaries and her kin. Her writing about other writers, with all their queernesses, is thus, above all, very sociable. Like somebody who enjoys having many friends, she is at once generous and inquisitive. She likes to know what people think of each

other.

Not all the essays in The Death of the Moth are about books and writers. There is the lovely and tender title-essay itself. There are village and London pictures; there is
"Evening Over Sussex:
Reflections in a Motor
Car." There is the closing Car." There is the closing
"Thoughts of Peace in an
Air Raid"—the most moving picture that we have had yet of human malevolence threatening natural peace, the throb of engines high up in the silence over the old, small village and the calm, sleeping downs. A bomb drops, then there is silence; then we hear an owl hoot and an apple drop on the grass.

By Night

"Commando Attack," by Gordon Holman (Hodder and Stoughton; 5s.), is just the chronicle that we want to-day. No account of the Commandos could fail to be stirring.

Mr. Holman, the first war

(Concluded on page 408)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

ETTERS have been appearing in certain By Richard King newspapers lately-

letters from septuagenarians complaining of their uselessness in wartime. These letters are usually divided into two points of view—one from the angle of "better dead"; the other from the angle of gloriously knitting for victory. Mingled with these letters are, of course, others from doting daughters who demand loving care and reverence for the old, a noble cherishing which they consider is only

their desert. Personally, I don't quite know why these septuagenarians and octogenarians, even the nonagenarians, should take their They are but victims of the laws of nature, and definitely it is not their fault that they are old. Definitely, too, the New World will not be for them, but the lovelier aspects of life itself still remain theirs, and they have earned a right to enjoy them without either being harried, or harrying themselves. They have as much right to their restricted pleasures as any juvenile. Always provided that they can find them without either wishing to cling or to be clung to. The old person without any life of his or her own, except one which yearns for continuous attention, is decidedly trying.
On the other hand, if we can no longer

play an active part among those who now regard themselves as divine plumbers and decorators of the post-war social system, there is still infinite richness left in life. If we suspect that nobody wants uswell, once recovered from that shock, a certain peace descends upon the spirit at the realisation that, in the final analysis, we don't particularly want them!

The trouble with so many old people is that they simply won't let go. They have so few interests apart from their aches, and only heroism likes to listen to aches. They don't know what to do with themselves when there is nothing physical to do. In this impasse the working woman comes off usually the best. Except for metaphorical general paralysis she can still chase the dust around the room at a hundred. Men are too often derelict when age and circumstance demand that they stay put.

I, myself, am not quite on nodding acquaintance with seventy, but, so long as I have preserved the essential faculties fairly intact, I don't think it will worry me when we meet. I certainly don't want to be reverenced; I should loathe to be cherished. But I do want a room of my own, with a view; a large bookcase. full of books; a radio for entertainment and to keep me au fait with the world which has left me behind; a gramophone for music; a few pictures; my memories, my dreams, some remnants of a sense of humour, and peace to enjoy these things. Then I shan't mind, I hope, if on paper I am an encumbrance for having lived so long.

The beauty of the earth will still be mine by human right. And if, tragically, I can no longer enjoy these things—well...having had no choice in our coming, our going is purely a personal affair. But this, of course, as Mr. Harold Nicolson has so aptly described them, will horrify the bluebell-thinkers. Still, most of us are tired of them, anyway!

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements



Golding — Hubbard

Dr. Campbell Golding, of 12, Upper Wimpole Street, W., and Barbara Hubbard, only daughter of Mr. Charles Hubbard, of Nassau, Bahamas, and Mrs. Hubbard, of 37, Grosvenor Sq., W., were married at the Savoy Chapel



Baillieu — Taylor

Edward Lathom Baillieu, R.A., youngest son of Sir Clive and Lady Baillieu, of Parkwood, Englefield Green, Surrey, married Betty-Anne Jardine Taylor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. J. Taylor, of Woodhay, Windlesham, Surrey, at Windlesham Parish Church



Sinclair Scott—Hare
Robert Sinclair Scott, Highland Light Infantry, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Sinclair Scott, of Stroove, Skelmorlie, Ayrshire, and Beryl Hare, daughter of the late Marcus Hare and of Mrs. Hare, of 33, Thurloe Street, W., were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Outram — Oates

Flying Officer Eric Gordon Outram, R.A.F.V.R., son of Lieut.-Colonel H. W. S. Outram, C.B.E., of The Priory, Leatherhead, Surrey, married Marie Alexandra Oates, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Richardson Oates, of Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, in Canada



Bradley — Backhouse

Hugh W. O. (Tim) Bradley, Grenadier Guards, son of Captain and Mrs. Hugh Bradley, of Kingswood, Virginia Water, married Eileen Retty Backhouse, at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Headley Backhouse, of Seven Pines, Virginia Water



Valerie Collbran

Lenare
The engagement has been announced of Valerie
Collbran, daughter of the late W. H. Collbran, and
Mrs. Collbran, of Lackford, Inner Park Road,
Wimbledon, to Major Lord Cullen of Ashbourne,
son of the late Lord Cullen of Ashbourne, and Lady
Cullen, of White Platt, Coleman's Hatch, Sussex



Gill — Lyne

Alexander Gill, son of Mr. and
Mrs. Gill, of Stanmore, was married
to Margaret Lyne, at St. Mark's
Church, North Audley Street. She
is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs.
L. C. Lyne, late of Queen's Gate, S.W.



Bellew — Hill
Lieut. James Bryan Bellew, Irish Guards, son of the Hon. Bryan and Mrs. Bellew, of Barmeth Castle, Co. Lough, married Mary Elizabeth Hill, elder daughter of the Rev. Eustace and Mrs. Hill, of The Lodge, West Malling, Kent, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



Thompson — Haigh

Captain Eric David Thompson, Royal Corps
of Signals, younger son of the late James
Thompson and of Mrs. Henry Fletcher,
of Buckingham, married Joan Haigh,
second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel
H. Haigh, of Surbiton, at Brompton Oratory

SOCIAL ROUND-ABOUT

(Continued from page 393)

Good Work

FLAG DAY for seamen was a busy day. Mrs. A. V. Alexander, President of the Flag Day, had a depot at Admiralty House, and riesdent of the Flag Day, had a depot at Admiratly House, and visited depots at Stepney, where she received a cheque for £300, a gift from the Borough. The King gave a generous donation, and every member of the Royal Household at Buckingham Palace bought a flag. Lady Crossield and Miss Tsouderos, daughter of the Prime Minister of Greece, were in charge at the Dorchester; Lady Currie, the depot at the Ministry of War Transport in Berkeley Square; Lady Broadbridge at St. Paul's, and Lady Jellicoe at the Café Royal. Lady Hodges and Lady Keyes at the Shipwrecked Mariners' depot, the Mayoress of West-minster and the Hon. Mrs. Gamage at Claridge's. Five million flags were on sale in the whole area, and by five o'clock fewer than 200 remained unsold. The few that were left over at six o'clock were bought by American "doughboys" outside the Ritz Hotel.

Film Show at the Dorchester

M Iss Rosie Newman was honoured by the Duchess of Gloucester being present at the showing of her film, England at War, at the Dorchester. Lord Iliffe escorted the royal guest into the crowded ballroom. H.R.H. and Lady Limerick were in Red Cross uniform; Lady Louis Mountbatten in the uniform of St. John. Mrs. Alexander and Lady Portal represented the Navy and the Air Force, the former dressed in rose-pink, and the latter in a pale crêpe appropriately printed with R.A.F. wings. Lady Courtney arrived with Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands. Miss Newman gave an amusing introduction telling how, when she went aboard the destroyer, she had not foreseen the climbing up and down necessary, and was clad in a tight coat and skirt. The captain gallantly offered to loan her a pair of grey flannel bags, which she thought made her look like Charlie Chaplin.

Stage People on the Prowl

M. Jack Hulbert was out having supper late, looking as spry as Men most people who work hard. Mr. Jeremy Hawke, now playing Orsino in the Arts Theatre production of Twelfth Night, flashed by. The part seems rather old for him: he was the perfect bounding young scamp in Ladies in Retirement. His mother is a sister of Doris Langley Moore, the writer, whose works include The Technique of the Love Affair. Mr. Edward Cooper and Mr. Gordon Glennon, out and about at different times, and Miss Pauline Tennant, Hermione Baddeley's daughter, were lunching out. She is to be in a film.

Having Fun

Those who do some kind of war work by day are evidently not too Those who do some kind of war work by day are evidently not too tired to dance at night. It is good exercise, yet relaxation. Recently I saw Lord Sondes with his blonde Countess. He is the brother of admired Lady Isobel Milles. And Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hanke—she was Miss June Child, one of Mme. de Pena's pretty dark daughters; Miss Ghislane Dresselhuys, Miss Pam Minchin (Mrs. Rowland Rank's film-actress daughter-in-law), and Captain Nigel Baker, one of the many soldiers on leave one of the many soldiers on leave.



Clapperton, Selkirk Garden Fete in Aid of War Funds

The Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe lent the grounds of Floors Castle, Kelso, for a garden fete in aid of war funds recently. The fete was opened by the Duchess. Back row: Mr. A. Poklewski, President of the Polish Red Cross, ex-Provost Scott, Mrs. Scott. Front row: Lieut.-Col. Majewski, Lady Anne Babington, the Duchess of Roxburghe, Lady Isobel Scott and Major Bragiel. The two children are Ciro, ten-year-old daughter of Lady Anne Babington, and Christine Beattie, who presented a bouquet to the Duchess

WITH SILENT

(Continued from page 406)

correspondent to sail with the Commandos, makes the very best use of his material. His writing is not sensational; it is quiet, economical, well-informed—such writing, one feels, that the Commandos themselves would approve of, for these men do not want to be "written-up. They had been in active existence before we had heard of them; they had been a picked force before they had got a name. Much mystery must always surround their doings, for the first of their weapons is surprise. Above all, as Mr. Holman makes clear, they do not wish to become the objects (or, one might almost say, victims) of exaggerated, hysterical hero-worship. They want to be left quiet to get on with

But there are questions that we may fairly ask, and these Mr. Holman answers. He tells how the Commandos came into being, the principle upon which they have been picked; he tells us about their training and gives an idea of their outlook. Many of their methods, he shows, were evolved in France, in those months before the spring of 1940. The place of the Commandos, in this war, is as interesting as it is dramatic. The new technique of mechanised warfare has been so much discussed that we may be in danger of overlooking the persistent human element in war. The Commandos return fighting man to his place. They employ, in a perfected, disciplined form, every device known to the primitive warrior—silence, stealth, superhuman quickness of movement, the use of the hands and the knife, the use of the cover of darkness and, above all, as I said, surprise. This, though in an infinitely stern and exacting form, is the fighting of the child's exciting game and the boy's dream. We see man back again in reliance upon his own nerve; head, muscles, powers of speed and stealth. The abstract nightmare of utter mechanisation is, as we think or read about the Commandos, for at least a moment removed. Perhaps

this is one reason—one of the many reasons—why they are so popular.

Commando Attack gives accounts of the Loloten, Vaagso, Bardia and St. Nazaire raids. Mr. Holman set out with the Commandos across that thousand miles of sunny but ice-cold sea to Lofoten. He gives an account of everything, from the entrainment in London. Christmas was spent at sea. With him, we feel the ship steal up the fjord in the intense darkness before the imperfect Arctic dawn. The height of a snow-covered mountain, seen like a ghost, confronts and puzzles the waiting men. Then comes the landing. This was a "four-pronged" raid. Excitement, though a controlled excitement, emanates from every sentence of these accounts. The eagerness of the men, their wish to be at it, have made the length of the voyage trying. Now they are released. Those who stay on the ship stay alert. The complete success of the surprise tactics must have exceeded, almost, all expectation. There are the returns with the German prisoners, the local Quislings, and the Norwegians eager to get to England to fight for their country's deliverance.

The Lofoten Norwegians hoped the British had come to stay. Mr. Holman emphasises that the Commandos would have liked to stay longer and fight more. Tip-and-run fighting does not come easy to the English temperament, and Germans were, for the Commandos' tastes, too few. With resignation and with fine courage, the Norwegians who could not leave Lofoten remained to face out coming German reprisals. The Commandos, in all their attacks, have owed much to

reprisals. The Commandos, in an their actacks, have owen factory this spirit in undefeated peoples, willing to suffer for eventual victory. Psychology—sense of local psychology—plays a part in what the Commandos have done. Another, the first, essential factor is timing. The stop-watch controls everything: every man has been issued with a special watch of his own. Another psychological aspect of the Coma special watch of his own. Another psychological aspect of the Commandos is their adverse effect on enemy and good effect on friendly foreign morale. The account of St. Nazaire and the Campbeltown makes terribly tense and heroic reading. Mr. Holman's pen makes the scene more vivid than any news-reel could—for news-reels of this kind of action have to be scrappy. . . . This is a book to read, to buy and to keep, for one's sons and their sons to read in happier days.

General de Gaulle

HACHETTE'S have just published in London, in the original French, a book that will be very much in demand. Charles de Gaulle, by Philippe Barrès (5s.), is the authorised life of the leader of the Free French Forces. It describes General de Gaulle's entire career, and discusses his original ideas on the employment of mechanised forces in modern war. Philippe Barrès, the author, is the son of Maurice Barrès, known as writer and statesman to many English lovers of France and readers of French. Pending the translation of Philippe Barrès' valuable book into English, that it may reach a wider circle of readers, I think it right to make its existence known.

New York was without and the Redes, of Gramercy Park, New York, were without reproach in this regard. In fact, they were practically Edith Wharton characters. Their friends were charming and their servants were models—except for Kitty, who borrowed a diamond bracelet, double-crossed two young men and came to a bad end. But alas! crime intruded also above-stairs, and Police-Inspector Honegger, feeling distinctly crude, had to edge his way in to investigate. The psychology of Murder Gives a Lovely Light, by John Stephen Strange (Crime Club; 8s. 6d.), is excellent. Not an aspect of the bizarre situation is overlooked. Good reading for the prostrictly holiday. austerity holiday.



THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION by M. E. BROOKE

All who wish to save time when shopping must visit Simpsons in Piccadilly. They will arrange for flowers to be sent to distant friends, cables and, of course, letters: they know the cost of everything. Again, after a journey a bath is available, the hair may be dressed and shampooed, suits can be de-shined, brushed, mended and the buttons overhauled. Everything necessary for men and women in the Services is here, as well as relaxation outfits and practical boots. To them must be given the credit of the slacks outfit at the top of the page on the right. The blouse portion is carried out in navy and white linen. Excellent, too, are the linen pinafore frocks with contrasting cotton blouses

Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, are always in the limelight in the matter of new and practical fashions. In the inexpensive department, they are making a feature of Austerity Frocks, one of which is pictured on the left of this page. It is carried out in a two-tone wool material, and, as will be seen, is robbed of all unnecessary trimming, and is representative of the newest line. Of course, there are variations on this theme. Again, there are frocks for the very warm weather, the materials are uncrushable, hence they may be worn under a mackintosh if necessary. These garments are in great demand, and of them this firm has a large representative collection





Women were fearful that in the future they would be unable to obtain Celanese by the yard or made up. This firm has overcome the difficulties which confronted them, and the modifications made have been passed by the Board of Trade, so that the word "Utility" may be used in connection with them. There are a limited number of models, as well as lengths of materials, which may be styled "pre-war," and these can be sold until present stocks are exhausted. The pyjamas illustrated are in Celanese crèpe-de-Chine, finished with a neat collar and emboidery. It must be related that countless washings have no deleterious effect on it





BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

PARTY of soldiers, stationed near a country Avillage, were out one Sunday morning round a farm to see what they could pick up. They had done very well for themselves, and their haversacks were bulging, when suddenly they ran into the farmer.

One Tommy, with plenty of presence of mind said, cheerily:

'Good morning, sir. Is there a short cut back to camp without going round the road? Could we take that footpath, for instance?"
"You might as well," replied the farmer, grimly.

"You seem to have got everything else."

The usual time for his return from the office had long passed when at last the little man stole into the house. He was in a sorry state-face black and

clothes torn to ribbons.
"Henry," said his wife, a large and forbidding-looking woman. "What do you mean by being looking woman. "What do you mean by being two hours late?"

"But, dear, I've been run over," he protested from the hall.

"Well, what of it?" she demanded coldly. "It doesn't take two hours to get run over!

They were having their first quarrel.
"I'm disappointed," said the husband. "When we were first married I thought you were an angel."
"Yes," retorted his wife. "I suppose that's why you never bought me any clothes."

Who goes there?" a sentry challenged.
"Private Horse," the soldier replied.
The pun-loving guard called out:
"Advance, Private Horse, and be mechanised."



"I'll have it fat, burnt, and half-cold, please"

God gives us our daily bread, doesn't he, mummy?" asked the young hopeful.
"Yes, dear," replied his fond mother.
"And Santa Claus brings the presents?"

"Why, yes, dear."
"And the stork brings the babies?"

"Yes, darling."
"Then what on earth is the use of having daddy hanging round?"

N his way to work, he stopped and turned against the wind to light his pipe.

He walked on, and soon, somewhat to his surprise,

found he was home again.

"My!" he exclaimed, knocking out his pipe,

that was a quick day."

THE young man entered the motor showroom. The young man entered the motor showroom. When a salesman came up to him he asked:

"If I bought this car by instalments," pointing to a particularly sporty model, "how long would it take to pay for it?"

"That would depend on how much you could pay each month, sir," replied the salesman cautiously. The young man looked dubious.

"Well, I think I could manage ten bob a month," he ventured at last.

he ventured at last.

The salesman's eyes stared.

"Ten shillings a month!" he gasped. "At that rate it would take you a hundred years!"

Gazing longingly at the very streamlined model the young man said:

"So what? It's worth it!"

"How did you get on when you were had up for speeding?" asked Brown.
"Well," replied Green,." I tried to be nice to the magistrate. I said, 'Good morning, how are you today?'"
"What did he say?"
"Fine. Forty shillings!"

It was guest night in the mess, and the Irish colonel I was telling an exciting story of an encounter with a wounded elephant which charged at him and bore him to the ground. At the critical moment an orderly entered to say the colonel was wanted on the telephone.

He was absent for some minutes, and on his return had forgotten which of his favourite stories he had been telling.

"What happened, colonel?" asked one of the guests. You were telling us of your dangerous situation."

Oh, I kissed her," said the colonel airily. "She simply couldn't resist me and we spent the evening together. Her husband never knew."

Do Your Bit in the National War Effort—Save Paper!

winning the War of freedom

Women's tasks today leave no room for disabilities. The active non-stop life of the war-worker demands freedom of action never before known. In this Tampaxsanitary protection worn internally-is woman's best ally. Today it is used by thousands of workers in every field of service

PRICES 7d. & 1/9. Sold by BOOTS, TIMOTHY WHITES & TAYLORS, and other chemists, departmental stores, drapers, WOOLWORTHS, MARKS & SPENCER LTD. and THE N.A.A.F.I.

For further information regarding Tampax please write





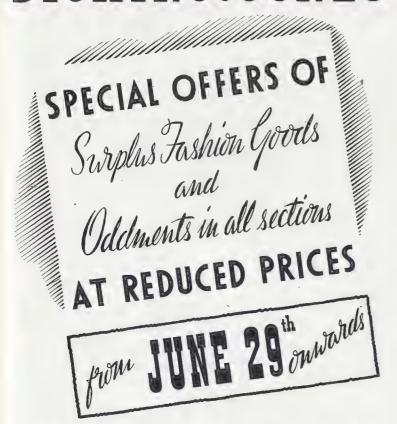
A good tale is none the worse for being twice told . . . So pleasant a tale as that of the excellence of Kia-Ora can never be told too often.



Lemon · Orange · Grapefruit Lime Juice Cordial

Orange Barley, Lemon Barley 2/3

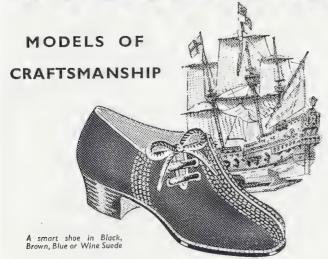
DICKINSEJONES



DICKINS & JONES LTD

REGENT ST.LONDON.WI





Why are more and more modern men and women turning to NORVIC shoes? Because they insist on comfort—appreciate Economy—value Smartness. And NORVIC shoes, they have discovered, are good-looking—inexpensive—and give their feet real freedom... Such shoes can only be produced by brilliant designers and by master-craftsmen—British craftsmen—who take a pride in their job!

But please do not blame the retailer if you are

But please do not blame the retailer if you are unable toget the exact style you want when you want trade Mark it. Leather is controlled and our output reduced.

THE NORVIC SHOE CO. LTD. NORWICH



Assault and Cluttery

OTOR car owners used to be afflicted with the curious disease of hyper-gadgetry. They used to submerge their protesting prime movers beneath a heap of badges, gadgets, accessories, fittings, mascots and all manner of metal, plastic, wood, porcelain and plated bric-à-brac.

In order to found a new motoring association or group, the first need was to invent a suffici-ently hideous emblem. The aims and functions of the organisation were of secondary interest.

there some substance in the impression that the mysterious personages who dictate the specifications, equipment and fittings of military aircraft are also afflicted by periodic attacks of hypergadgetry?

the uses sometimes seem that good aeroplanes remain good aeroplanes for remarkably brief periods after they are introduced into the Service. There usually supervenes a period during which specialists insist on cluttering up the aircraft with their own favourite odds and ends until it groans beneath their weight. It does sometimes seem that good aeroplanes remain

The recipe seems to run: take one good aircraft. Equip with fire extinguishers, lavatories, beds, blisters, Equip with me extinguishers, lavatories, beds, blisters, bulges, bits and pieces. Add a sprinkling of gadgets of obscure purpose. Flavour with assorted coloured lights, notices, handles, foot-rests and emergency equipment. Add one or more members to crew according to taste. Sprinkle lavishly with extra ammunition. Mix well with assorted radio apparatus. Stir for hours and hours and hours. And then hope to take off with some kind of a bomb load.

THERE is of course nothing new about this. More-over it is a tribute to the kindly thought and the conscientiousness of the technical departments. They are, as they have always been, anxious that the pilot and air crew member shall have everything he wants in every possible set of circumstances. They want him to be quite comfortable in anything from a belly-landing in Libya to a bale out in the

The old-fashioned idea that every bit of weight added to an aircraft makes it more difficult for that aircraft to rise from the ground is forgotten. The

By Oliver Stewart

kind engine makers have produced much more power, so the thing is to use it up for carrying assorted agglomerations of bits and pieces.

In my old squadron one of our first actions when

new aircrast arrived to replace those written off, was to tear off those articles of equipment we did not believe to be absolutely essential. We used to think that a few feet of height was apt to give the pilot a greater advantage in combat than the most complicated instrument and the most decorative fitting. We believed in travelling light. Nowadays aircraft equipment is so much more elaborate, so much more sternly "laid down," and so much more energetically laid on, that such weeding-out action is no longer possible.

The consequence is that the performance increases which might have been hoped for when the increases in engine power and the improvements in streamlining were made are rarely if ever realised in practice by the aircraft in the squadrons.

I was surprised at first to hear one of the final

series Schneider Trophy pilots say the other day that he had never had, on the air speed indicator of his Spitfire, a reading of as high a speed as he secured more than twelve years ago in his racing seaplane.

One explanation is that the Spitfire has a highrated altitude, whereas the old racing seaplanes were designed to develop their maximum speed at sea level. The air speed indicator reads much below the actual speed figure at great heights. But that alone would not make all the difference. Nor can it be said that the guns and ammunition make all the difference, for the racing machines were seaplanes, with enormous boots," whereas the modern fighters are landplanes with retractable undercarriages.

I think that the real reason is that the modern

fighter must carry such an enormous amount of equipment in addition to its pilot, guns and ammunition. Often the equipment is needed. Many pilots have had good cause, for instance, to thank those responsible at the Air Ministry for the introduction of the seat dinghy. But it is always worth reminding ourselves that the aim should be to keep equipment down to a minimum and that-other things being equal—the aircraft with the least equipment will be the better fighting

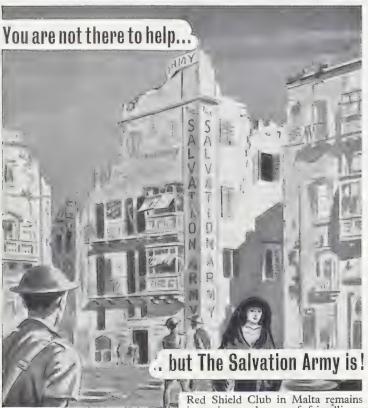
At the time I am writing these notes only a few Abrief dispatches have come through about the action between the United States and Japanese navies off Midway Island. But the inference to be drawn from those early dispatches is that the Americans are using air at sea on a bigger scale than any one else. They seem-if I read the communiqués correctly —to be tackling the Japanese fleet almost entirely with aircraft and to be risking only aircraft carriers and destroyers in these actions.

That is a trend worth noticing. It has not yet been confirmed and it would be dangerous to accept it as proven just yet, but it does seem the logical way to tackle powerful fleets. It has been shown that aircraft can sink all kinds of warships. It has been shown also that the warships can bring down aero planes which are attacking them when they have sufficiently strong screen of destroyers and anti-aircral

But it is possible to lose fifty or more aircraft with out feeling the deep wound that is made in a nation effort when a great ship goes to the bottom. As that popular feeling, that more is lost when the grea ship goes down than when many aircraft are lost, j largely justified.

The man-hours of work and the raw materials-

which are the only currencies of any value in time war—are the measure of loss. And many hundred of aeroplanes would have to be destroyed before their loss would be equivalent to that of a sing battleship. In this matter popular feeling is rigl Fleets at sea will in the future be challenged we ever-stronger air action and ever-thinner sea action



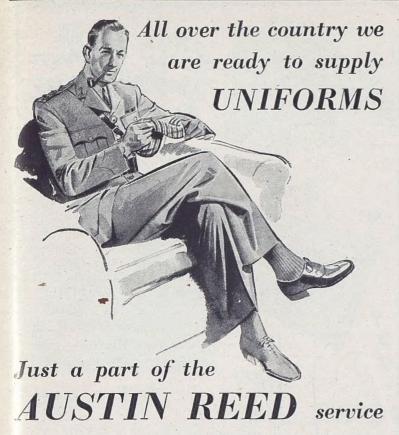
More than 2,000 air raids! Homes wrecked, buildings damaged, towns and villages alike scarred by bombing. Malta, the valiant, still carries on, the unbroken spirit of its people and the Forces serving there is a chicing expense. there is a shining example.

Despite bomb hits The

in action, a haven of friendliness

The Salvation Army is giving "front line" service among the forces of the United Nations in hundreds of centres. This work needs your support. Please send a gift to-day to:—General Carpenter, 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

The economy of using your electric fire on cool evenings is that its heat is immediately available and instantly discontinued-used only when you need warmth-not a moment Switch on your Radiant Electric FIRE for quick comfort. Remember, too, that you can reduce the heat-volume of your Ferranti Fire by fitting an 'element' of lower capacity. And if your Ferranti needs repair or a new part, now is the time to get it done-ready for winter. New Ferranti Fires will be very scarce, but your Dealer can still get spare parts for renewals. FOREMOST • HOTTEST FIRST FERRANTI LTD., Moston, Manchester, 10 London Office: Bush House, Aldwych, W.C.2



103-113 REGENT STREET, W.1 · 77 CHEAPSIDE, E.C.2

Bath, Belfast, Birmingham, Bournemouth, Bristol, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Harrogate, Hull, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Norwich, Nottingham, Oxford, Sheffield, Southampton. Also at Aldershot, Amesbury, Barmouth, Bothwell, Coventry, Dunbar, Grantham, Hove, Llandrindod Wells, Llandudno, Plymouth, Richmond Yorks), Shrivenham. London Telephone: Regent 6789.

Champion Plugs 'iron out' the hills



More Vital, more Dependable than ever

HAMPION SPARKING PLUG COMPANY LIMITED

THE

ROOTES GROUP

GAVE YOU THE

HILLMAN MINX

SUNBEAM-TALBOT

HUMBER SNIPE

and many other
fine Cars and Commercial Vehicles

Today the only thing that matters is Victory—

After that, if anybody can give you fine Cars and Commercial Vehicles, it will be—

THE ROOTES MANUFACTURING GROUP



Swam & Edgar specialise in

LINGERIE

A tailored

PYJAMA

in super quality artificial crepe de chine. The collar, cuffs and pocket are edged contrasting satin. Well cut, and generous fitting. In peach, sky blue or Post free 45'pale green. Sizes S.W. and W. (8 coupons)

To avoid disappointment, it is advisable to order early and to state second choice of colour, as stocks are limited and cannot be repeated.

Lingerie: Fourth Floor

FOR ONE WEEK ONLY—commencing on Monday Next!
In place of our usual Half-yearly Sale, we are offering all Fashion Oddments, a collection of a manufacturer's Underwear Samples, and a variety of Special Markandise variety of Shop-soiled Merchandise, at CLEARANCE PRICES. There are many bargains, representing good value for money and coupons.

FOR PERSONAL SHOPPERS ONLY
—an early visit is advised!

SWAN & EDGAR LTD., Piccadilly Circus, W.1



FIVE

NERVE-TONIC FOOD

We are sorry to disappoint you, but the vital needs of the country must come first, and the materials which go to the making of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food and 'Genasprin' are now needed for other and more urgent purposes. Please remember this when you have difficulty in obtaining 'Sanatogen' and 'Genasprin'.





Mark all clothing with

obtainable in a variety of colours and letterings

4'8

6 doz. 5'11

12 doz.

(Includes Purchase Tax) supplied in about 7 days through all drapers and outfitters

J. & J. CASH LTD., Dept. Ta. 2 COVENTRY





COUNTRY WEAR

12 PRINCES STREET, HANOVER SQUARE, W.1

MEN who care for their teeth...



use a Tek

Men who want to keep their teeth strong and white vote for Tek, the one size, one shape toothbrush. 92 out of every 100 dentists consulted said that Tek was the most efficient toothbrush ever made, so if you

want to be sure of cleaning your teeth really thoroughly do get a Tek. There may be occasional local shortages but a little patience will bring you your reward.

MADE IN ENGLAND

BRISTLE or NYLON

Made and guaranteed by JOHNSON AND JOHNSON (Gt. Britain) Ltd., Slough & Gargrave



the popular slotted pattern, and though scarcer than usual, they are still obtainable by those on the lookout for clean and comfortable shaving.

Obtainable only from usual suppliers.

JAMES NEILL & CO (SHEFFIELD) LTD.



The policy of a firm controls its destiny. This subtle yet vital element throughout a firm defines its aims and governs its achievements.

The Chatwood policy has always been to confine its efforts to the production of work of quality. Craftsmanship is placed before material gain.

There is throughout the firm a definite atmosphere of continuous mental stocktaking. The reputation of yesterday does not carry anyone over to-morrow. Each success is only regarded as an inspiration to greater efforts.

The Chatwood Tradition is maintained-

"Achievement is but another milestone along the highway of progress—the end of the journey lies ever beyond."

The furrow that leads to achievement is ploughed by imagination. Judgment helps courage to walk this furrow, but it is the love of hard work that takes one to the ultimate end of the journey.

THE CHATWOOD SECURITY

THE CHATWOOD SAFE CO. LTD.

Bankers' Engineers

Head Office: SHREWSBURY, ENGLAND

Shrewsbury 4001 Chatwood, Shrewsbury LONDON : MANCHESTER : GLASGOW ; BOMBAY

Burberrys The World's Best Weatherproofs

SERVICE KIT—Regular & Auxiliary

Regular and Auxiliary Service Kits. Lowest charges for best work on best materials — full particulars, patterns and charges post free. Agents throughout the Kingdom.

BURBERRY S LTD.

HAYMARKET LONDON, S.W.1





VANTFIIA SHIRTS

made to match

VAN HEUSEN" COLLARS

Complete Satisfaction

OWING TO EXISTING CONDITIONS SUPPLIES ARE VERY RESTRICTED



Processional, by Charles Cundall, A.R.A.

The ever-turning wheel...

What scenes of pageantry Big Ben and Boadicea have witnessed—Big Ben, symbol of the ever-turning wheels of time—Boadicea in her wheeled chariot! Royal processions, celebrations of victory and thanksgiving, stately pageants at the opening of Parliament. . . .

And the changes in the humdrum daily traffic that flows past this spot: in less than a hundred years, the horse has been ousted by the bicycle—the motor cycle—the motor car. . . . A social revolution this, of the ever-turning wheel itself! And in it no organization has played a greater part than B.S.A.

B.S.A. Bicycles, B.S.A. Motor Cycles, B.S.A. Cars; Daimler and Lanchester Cars; Daimler Buses—names famous the world over in the history of road transport. And behind the scenes are the ever-turning wheels of the vast B.S.A. factories which make not only these wheeled marvels but those other splendid products, B.S.A. Tools and Guns, Jessop & Saville's Special Steels, and the Monochrome Hardchrome Process.

produces:
Daimler Cars
Lanchester Cars
B.S.A. Bicycles
B.S.A. Cars and Motor Cycles
Jessop & Saville Special Steels
B.S.A. & Burton Griffiths Machine
Tools and Small Tools
Monochrome Hardchrome Process

Monochrome Hardchrome Process B.S.A. Guns and Rifles Daimler Buses

* The Birmingham Small Arms Co., Ltd., England